

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XV.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 20, 1882.

NO. 3.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

"IN MEDICINE, QUALITY IS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE."

CHAMBERLAIN'S PHARMACY.

Main Street, opposite Middletown Hotel.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC., PERFUMERY AND FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.

A full line of all the Popular Patent Medicines of the day constantly on hand.

THE PURCHASING, COMPOUNDING AND DISPENSING

For the above establishment is under the direct supervision of Dr. G. G. Chamberlain, who has been connected with the drug business for the past thirty-five years, and may always be found at his store when not on his professional visits. mar25-1y.

West's Apothecary!

No. 3 Town Hall, - MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Just opened a FULL AND COMPLETE stock of

FRESH DRUGS! PURE CHEMICALS!

AND PATENT MEDICINES.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF BRUSHES, COMBS, SOAPS, CHAMOIS, SPONGES, POWDERS AND LAMP GOODS.

THE PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT.

Is now in charge of one of the people of Middletown and vicinity have long known and trusted as a thorough, careful pharmacist.—J. H. PETERBRIDGE. BARR'S COLOGNE AND BARR'S FAMILY PILLS Always on hand, and none are genuine unless they bear my name. oct. 14-17.

F. C. WEST

MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.

Barr's Old Stand. Established 1844.

S. B. GINN,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Toilet and Fancy Articles, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Patent Medicines, And Druggists' Sundries Generally.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately compounded of Strictly Pure Medicines. jan5-17

Fall and Winter Arrangements.

G. W. W. Naudain's Popular Corner.

We have completed our additions, and now have over twice the room to display our goods that we had formerly, our store room or show room alone being over one hundred feet deep, and well lighted. With all of our improvements and facilities we are confident we are second to none on the Peninsula, south of Wilmington. With our increased capacity for doing business we will always make it a point for each and all to be promptly and politely waited on. All information as to prices, &c., cheerfully given. You are respectfully invited to call and stroll through our new place, and examine our new stock, it being full and complete in all the different lines.

You will find below, the minor part only of our stock mentioned, it being almost impossible to mention, or attempt to name or put before the public a complete notice of stock.

WE HAVE ADDED TO OUR STOCK

A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S CLOTHING! You can save money, and get a nice fitting suit, by purchasing your clothing here.

OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, We have all sizes and makes, of best quality.

BOOTS AND SHOES FOR MEN AND BOYS! MEN AND BOYS! LADIES', MISSES', CHILDREN'S, AND INFANT'S SHOES, of every description, from the plain Pebble up to the finest Kid, to suit the most fastidious.

White Blankets, Silver Gray Blankets, and Gray Blankets, Horse Blankets, &c. A full and fine line of CASSIMERES, of the latest leading styles; our stock, as usual, complete, and prices to suit all.

UNDERWEAR for all.—Men and Boys, Ladies, Misses, Children, and Infants. The best assortment of BLUE FLANNEL SHIRTS, Single and double breasted.

WE ALWAYS HAVE THE SEWING MACHINE AND ALL THE IMPROVED ATTACHMENTS YOU WANT. SPECIAL PRICES TO PATRONS FOR CASH!

We also have fine line of GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, &c. ROPE YARN! ROPE YARN! ROPE YARN!

G. W. W. NAUDAIN,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Oct. 13-3m

LATEST IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES! ALL MAKES AT LOW PRICES.

FIRST-CLASS PIANOS, Cabinet Organs, NEW STYLES AT REDUCED PRICES.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES AND FULL PARTICULARS. Sold for Cash or on Monthly Payments. JOHN WILKINSON, ELKTON, MARYLAND. Dec. 21-y.

AMERICAN WATCH AND CLOCK DEPOT, No. 11 NORTH SECOND STREET, (above Market), PHILADELPHIA. A LARGE ASSORTMENT AND SMALL PRICES.

LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES. LADIES' SOLID GOLD AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES, \$22.00. GENTS' SOLID GOLD AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES, \$20.00. LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCHES AS LOW AS \$12.00. ONE DAY CLOCKS, \$1.00 UP. EIGHT DAY WALNUT CLOCKS, \$3.00 UP. A Large Stock on hand of solid gold and best Rolled Plated Jewelry and Chains. Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Opera Glasses and Spectacles.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS DONE IN A SKILLFUL MANNER. S. PICARD, No. 11 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA. P. S.—Every Article Warranted as Represented. Nov 11-17

Piano & Organ Warerooms OF GEORGE E. DEARBORN, 1508 CHESTNUT STREET, - PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The largest variety of strictly first-class Pianos and Organs in the city. Pianos by Wm. Knabe & Co., Mathushek, J. C. Fischer, Francis Bacon, &c., &c. The well-known Clough & Warren Piano State and A. B. Chase and New Haven Organs.

Will sell exceedingly low for cash, or very easy monthly payments. GEO. E. DEARBORN, 1508 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to. D. A. COMERER, Tuner and Salesman, and Agent for Delaware. sep. 23-6m.

Bricks! Bricks! NOW OFFER AT PRIVATE SALE a number of desirable and well-located lots on West Green Street, Middletown, Del., also a very few choice lots on South Broad Street. These lots are near the business center of the town of Middletown and are well adapted for building and will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Apply to E. R. COCHRAN, Jan 1-17 Middletown.

But he merely held his hat as one that asks for alms—and he looked poor enough—like a poor scholar whose intellect is his only wealth, and who finds

LOVE'S WILD IMAGINING.

Too-day the winter woods are wet, And chill with airs that nudge the sun: The autumn of the year is done. He leaves all fallen, its flower star set, Its frosty hours begun.

Should last year's gold, narcissus years For next year's roses, oh! how vain! No brief dead flowers arise again, But each sweet little life in turn Must shoot, and bloom, and wane.

Sweet, had the years that slip so fast Brought you too soon or me too late, How had we gnashed our teeth at fate, And wandered down to death at last, Forlorn, disconsolate!

Surely before the stars were sure, Before the moon was set in Heaven, Your unborn soul to mine was given, Your clear, white spirit, pure and pure, For me was formed and shaven.

Ah! surely no time ever was When we were not; and our souls' light Made these cold spaces infinite, That lie between the years like glass, Seen only in God's sight.

How'er it be, my one desire, If chance has brought us face to face, Or if the schemes of things found place To store our twin hearts' light and fire In strange forsaking grace—

How'er it be, for us at least, The woodland paths are not dark, New lights are on the loughs and bark, And the rainless sunset cast We hear a mountain lake.

—E. W. GOSSE.

EBB AND FLOW.

The tide slips up the silver sand Dark night and rosy day; It brings sea treasures to the land, Then bears them all away.

On mighty shores from east to west, It walls, and gropes, and cannot rest, O tide, that still doth ebb and flow Through night to golden day;

But, lo! when, beauty, come and go, Then giv'st, thou tak'st away; What, sometime, on some gracious shore, Thou shalt be still and ebb no more.

—J. W. INNES.

IN A LETTER.

There came a breath out of a distant time, An odor of neglected gardens where Unnumbered roses once perfumed the air Through summer days, in childhood's happy chime.

There came the salt scent of the sea, and of waves against the beaches or the bare, Gull-rocks; and to the mind, half unaware, Recur the words of some familiar rhyme.

And as above the garden and the sea, The moon arises, and her silver light Touches the landscape with a deeper grace, So over the misty wreaths of memory, Turning them into pictures clear and bright, Rose in a halo the beloved face.

—Owen Jones.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

Winter in Russia is more emphatic than with us. There is a steely glitter in the ice, a barbed arrow in the hail. Eternal glaciers lie upon the hillside; at least it seems as if blossom and leaf and fresh green grass were gone for ever.

The sky, sparkling, blue and cold as turquoise stone, has only snow-drifts of clouds floating here and there, illumined by a golden light called sunset.

Below, but totally different from the life-giving radiance we hail with delight. Beneath such a sun we would imagine only snowflakes could bloom.

Frozen a young man loiters along the frozen road as if summer zephyrs were waiting the subtle odors of fields of violets and roses to his senses. He is not muffled in costly furs, yet there is something within that makes life warm and ecstatic and full of rosy bloom, despite the desolate fields about him, where the snow lies pure and cold as a quarry of Carrara marble. He does not note the beauty of the scene, either; he is too busy with the bare branches against the luminous sky; the dainty snowflakes, pure bridal wreaths of white, that deck the trees for earth's winter festival; the glitter of the ice, with its cold opaline splendor where a sunbeam strikes it; the crystal sheathing of twig and brush flashing bravely like a coat of mail in the noontide light.

He is a dreamer, and he is in love, so the present does not exist for him. It is nothing that he has never spoken to the lady of his dreams; that she is set far above him; that his love is like "The desire of the moth for the star; Or the day for the tomorrow."

It is enough that he sees her every day—and he lives upon that—though her sky-blue eyes have never rested upon his face. By-and-by he will want more than a glance, and the torment of love will begin.

In the distance he can see a glimpse of the lovely structure that is her home, and in his mind he contrasts it with his own humble abode. But he is a soldier of fortune, and who can say that the future may have in store for him? Russia offers prizes to intellect and zeal, why should he not gain one and make a name for himself; or, oh, ecstatic thought, for her—for Vera!

That is her name—it sings itself to mystic music in his dreams—it is written on his soul.

Yet he has only seen her whirling by him day after day in a sleigh fashioned like a white swan. Sometimes she drives herself, and he has been devising means to say some word to her, to make her look at him once and speak to him. Ah! if she is only alone to-day. It is coming now. He stops with a sudden flash of fire kindling his blood. A slim girlish figure, in dark, wine-colored velvet skirt trimmed with tassels. Her golden curls are streaming in the wind; her blue eyes are full of the sunshine of youth, that light that is clouded so soon; her lips are scarlet as a pomegranate blossom; on her cheeks the keen wind has brought vivid roses.

Nicole loses his head at the sight. He does not note the thin, gray-haired old man at her side, half-buried in his furs, and shrinking from the icy blast. This man's face is cold and hard as if carved from stone; his lips are stern and compressed; no kindly light warms his pale eyes. A man with an iron will, you would say, no prayers or tears would avail with such an one. Nicole, blinded by the splendid vision of the girl, supreme in her young beauty, suddenly stepped forward and took off his hat.

An idea had come to him—a frenzy to hear her voice. She had a heart of heavenly pity, he knew, and so he would come as a mendicant. He felt indeed like one who was willing to kneel before her, if he could win one smile.

But he merely held his hat as one that asks for alms—and he looked poor enough—like a poor scholar whose intellect is his only wealth, and who finds

it is worth nothing in exchange for bread and butter.

The girl had no time to act. In a second her father had noted the movement on the part of the young man, and the same instant the lash of the whip was laid across his face like a living line of fire. The Count Semiloff had stopped long enough for that, and to hurl a half dozen oaths at the young man's head, then the sleigh dashed on like the wind.

Nicole staggered back. He grew cold and sick from head to foot—cold as a stone, and with no life in him, save where the scarlet line on his face throbbled and beat like a wound. He slowly steadied himself at last, but he was deadly pale, save for the crimson band, and he shook from head to foot as if with the palsy. "Curse the aristocrat!" he gasped; "one day we will be quits for this. If I lived a hundred lives I would never forget this moment. Bah! fool that I was to forget for an instant that I am one of the people—that my hand is against such as he and his. He has brought me to my senses with a vengeance. That blow ought to kill my love—and it will. Henceforth I live for revenge, and when that day comes, Count Semiloff, I will remind you of this."

The sleigh, skimming along the frozen ground like a bird on the wing, was a mere speck in the distance by this time. Not a word had been spoken since the oaths that the count had thundered forth with his bow. There was not a sound save a little gasp from the young girl, and afterwards a muffled sob.

"Vera, what do you mean?"—in a stern voice. "Look at me."

The girl unwillingly turned her face towards him—a sweet face, with the color gone, and lips that quivered a little, and eyes that met his own undauntedly, though they were as misty as the blue of showery skies.

"You have tears in your eyes, girl!" he cried, sternly. "By the infernal legion, do you dare to weep about my just chastisement of that fellow's impudence?"

"He had a good face, papa, and looked poor and cold."

"Bah—the beggar! Well, I warmed him a bit! Besides, I've a shrewd idea that he was a sham beggar, after all—not but what he would have been right served if he'd been genuine! There's work enough in the empire for all. Only with this man I've happened to notice one thing—for the last month we have met him every day. I flatter myself we will not meet him again."

"But why should he sham beggary?" asked the girl, wondering.

She was very young, only sixteen, and she did not dream that he was her own sweet face that had made the poor youth mad and blind.

Her father gave her a penetrating glance. He would have been wise to have spared her, but he was too angry. "I thought things," he said, scornfully. "It's my idea that he wanted to attract your attention at any price! But if he comes in my way again, I'll set the dogs on him."

At these words a quick dash mounted to the fair face of the girl. It was the first time a thought of her power over any other heart had been projected into her mind, and she could not help thinking a little of this man—this first lover, who had dared so much for one look into her eyes. He must be very romantic, then, this poor young man; and her heart softened a little as she remembered his dark, eloquent eyes, with their appealing glance.

It was not strange that the thought of this young man took possession of her fancy for a few days. She longed to let him know that her father's barbarous blow had wounded her as well—to show him that her heart was not so hard—that she had not inherited the cruel prejudices of caste. She found out his name from her maid, who knew the people of the village; and she heard that he was educated and ambitious. Day by day she watched the roads as the sleigh skidded along, but she never saw the face she half-feared, half-longed to see. After a time stern realities took her away from these dreams. Her ambitious father had a suitor for her—a contemporary of his own—against whom her whole soul revolved. Count Semiloff found to his surprise that his daughter had inherited one thing from him—namely, his iron will. She dared to rebel against parental authority—to vow that she would never say the fateful words of assent, even if she were dragged to the altar.

"You are my only child," said the count, in his hardest voice; "but as sure as there is a God in heaven I will cure you off—you shall be as a stranger—I will forget that you live—unless you obey me in this thing."

"So be it," answered Vera, with a white face, and eyes full as cold as his own.

He did not dream of the self-contained power in the girl. He had seen her among her flowers and birds, singing as carelessly as a bird herself, and so he had not fathomed the depths of being, the possibilities of passion and pain, of fortitude and high resolve, that were in her.

Only the next day, when they came and told him she was gone, no one knew where, it was a terrible shock to him. He had been quite capable of disowning her; but that she should be the first to cast off her allegiance was an inexplicable thing, and a terrible blow. All day the lonely old man sat silently as one who has been sore smitten. He wondered that his heart had such capacities of pain in it, and he was surprised at his utter desolation without Vera. Now that she was gone,

he realized for the first time how much he loved her, and that life was an aimless thing without her. He half-wondered at himself that he had been so ready to give away the only treasure of his life. How hard he had been to her—how seldom had he softened into caresses or shown her his heart. If he had made her love him she could not have left him thus. So after long weeks of loneliness his life seemed to centre into one object—to find her again. All his inquiries so far had been in vain; but he would go out himself; and what could elude a father's vigilance? He had waited with a vague hope that she would come back to him. A girl of eighteen only, how could she battle with life? But the slow days came and went, and she made no sign, and at last the Count Semiloff went forth with hope in his heart—a hope that failed day by day. For the days grew into months and the months to years—yes, four years—and he had not heard from her, not one word.

So as a helm for an aching heart, the count threw himself into hard work. His old prejudices grew strong again, and with the vigor of a young man he took up a service for the Czar: a secret service that needed fidelity, courage and even recklessness of life. And who was so indifferent to life as the Count Semiloff, the last of his line save for the unnatural daughter who had forsaken him in his old age? What did the few remaining years hold for him, that he should be careful to preserve them? Nay, he was ready to fling them away, if by so doing he could render a service to his master. Therefore, he gave himself up to ferreting out the creatures who were plotting against that Russia's life, and the well-being of all Russia, according to his convictions.

It was with peculiar sensations of triumph, therefore, he read one day an anonymous note that some one had left for him.

"Whereas the Count Semiloff's vigilance for the Czar is well known, an opportunity is now offered for the defeat of a Nihilist plot of the first magnitude, and the arrest, among others, of a certain Sophie Posenski, who is a powerful member of the party. This woman has for two years been a leader and an influence in the band—the most subtle, the most dangerous to all lovers of peace and order. She has an infatuation, an insanity, it might be called, to redress wrongs; she is eloquent, and sways men's minds at will; she is beautiful, and she rules men's hearts; she is the most malignant enemy the Czar can find, and you can deliver her into his hands. Be at the Borsoff Warehouse to-morrow night at ten o'clock. The watchword is 'Public Safety'; the place, a cellar under the first house."

The count felt a sudden enthusiasm for his work greater even than he had ever experienced before. Ah! if he could but seize this woman of whom he had heard much, but whom he had never been able to see or trace before—if he could deliver her into the hands of justice, then indeed he might be able to say, "Amen!" to his weary life.

Somehow he had conceived an intense hatred against this Sophie Posenski—this arch-traitress, as he thought her, who led into treason with smiles, and made them willing to cast their lives away for a word of praise. No stain had ever sullied her name, yet it pleased him to think of her as a Circe who lured men to their ruin—a Messalina—

"Whose hands were blood-stained, 'till as As craven snail or winter frost Red with their blood, they died and lost."

And a thrill of triumph came over him as he thought that he was to be the instrument of delivering Russia from this curse. Siberia would be the place for this ardent, soaring soul. In the meantime the object of his wrath, unconscious of her danger, and knowing that she walked amid ceaseless dangers—traps, and plots, and pitfalls—was making ready for the meeting. Her toilet was simple, as befits a woman sworn to belong to the cause of the people—the poor, the downtrodden and oppressed—yet her beauty bloomed through all, as a rose might do in a neglected garden. Her hair was cut short, that no time might be wasted in its arrangement, but it disposed itself in bewitching little infantile curls all over her head, and low down on her broad, white forehead. The face was full of force, the mouth impressive—but it looked as if it might be eloquent of love and passion as well—and the dark-blue eyes that could flash in scorn at an ignoble action, or anger at a tyrannical act, were soft and limpid now with memories. Her room was plain and bare as a cell. She was one of the workers, and her slim fingers were hardened with toil; but she did not grieve over that. A strange enthusiasm filled her heart; she was living for a purpose, and that is the secret of happiness. Once in a while there came up before her suddenly, as if some one held up a portrait, the memory of a face she had seen at the meetings lately—a new member who seemed to hang upon her words, yet whose eyes betrayed a sort of animosity—she could find no other word for it. Sometimes it seemed as if hatred and love struggled together in her expression, and she had felt a cold, creeping sensation as she caught the glance.

She had grown somehow to look for his coming, and his presence affected her in an inexplicable manner. It seemed to touch some chord of memory, too, and she vexed herself with attempts to understand it. To-night, as usual, her eyes sought him out, and then as she met his glance the hot blood surged into her face.

The next moment he was at her side, and with him a person whom she knew.

"Let me introduce my friend Sergius," said her acquaintance, "and I will leave you together to talk. Two such ardent disciples must be friends."

"I have heard much of you," exclaimed Sergius, bowing, "and have longed, but scarcely dared to be presented."

"Dared!" exclaimed Sophie, with a laugh; "it is our religion to dare!"

"But I am a novice. Perhaps I shall learn to dare everything in time."

There was a significance in the words which made the girl blush again.

"It is a long time since the cause of the people became the dearest thing to me." Then she said: "Some one used to send me Nihilist pamphlets, and I became a convert when I was a mere child. I wish I knew that person. I would like to meet him."

A peculiar smile came to the lips of her companion. "Are you grateful to him?"

"Yes; I look upon him as my apostle."

"Suppose I could point him out."

"You?"

"Yes, pardon me, I am the unknown. I owed your family a debt. I began paying in that way—but I shall not end there."

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl, "I fear they will not be as grateful as I. Hush! they are going to speak. It is Demetri. He is one of the bloodthirsty ones."

It was an odd crowd that was gathered together in the great damp, cobwebby cellar. Men, with fanatical faces and lurid eyes that seemed to peer into a wonderful future—when, all barriers burnt away, a new world should spring up on the ruins of the old—a world of free thought, free speech, free action, and it must be confessed, free morals. There were women there in uncouth dresses, with clipped hair and strange bonnets—women who eschewed all the frivolities of fashion as sins against the great cause—who were ready to sacrifice their rank, their money, even their heart's idols, for the work. They had sworn to give all, even themselves—according to the mandates of this strange power.

Demetri, a muscular man with a passionate face and fiery eyes, was denouncing the tyranny of the Czar in burning words. Then he passed on to a vivid picture of Siberian exile. "We are in Dante's Inferno!" muttered Sergius to the young girl; "first a lake of fire, and then a sea of ice."

At that moment the door sprang open and an old man entered. He did not seem at all bewildered by the noise, but took his place quietly and looked about him. Sergius drew nearer to him stealthily.

"How goes the cause, friend," he said at last.

The Count Semiloff smiled calmly. "Never better! Shall we have a speech from the renowned Sophie to-night?"

"I suppose so. She is cogitating it now, probably, in the shadow of that wine cask!"

The count's eyes followed his companion's.

"What that girl?" he cried.

"Did you expect to see an old woman?"

"Excuse me. I come from the provinces," the count stammered. "I must see her nearer."

The next moment his hand was on her shoulder. "Sophie Posenski, you are my prisoner!" he cried. "No escape, gentlemen, the place is surrounded!"

The girl turned, and the count uttered a cry. "My God, Vera! my child!" he moaned, and staggered back, then fell heavily to the ground.

The lights were put out, and there was utter confusion. "Now's your chance, gentlemen," some one cried. "He is insensible; he has not made the signal."

Vera stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then, stooping, she lifted her father's head in her arms. There was a sound of retreating steps, then silence. Suddenly a torch flamed out on the scene. She looked up and saw Sergius standing near her.

"You have not escaped?" she asked.

"No! I told you I owed a debt to your family. I want to settle it now!" he said with a strange smile.

The count raised his head faintly. "My girl, my poor child!" he moaned; "your father did not know; come! I have you at last. Let us fly. They shall not take you now, save over my dead body."

"Aha, Monsieur le Count. High treason, is it not?" exclaimed Sergius. The count stared. "Vera, my love, who is this man?"

"He is—a friend," stammered the girl.

"So you do not recognize me, most noble count?" began Sergius in a mocking tone. "I am Nicole Sergius, the man whom you lashed for pastime, one fine day. Oh! I carried your autograph on my face for a long time, and then I carried it in my heart! I told your daughter I had a debt to pay to your family. Well! I pay it to-day. She will be sent to Siberia as a Nihilist; and you, heaven knows what fate will be yours. But I have my revenge."

Vera sprang up with blazing eyes. "Coward," she cried, "what are you? Whatever my fate, you will not escape; you are one of us!"

He smiled, mockingly. "What am I? I am a spy! Yes, although I am your apostle, that was part of my game."

"Good God!" exclaimed Vera, hiding her eyes on her father's breast, "and I cared for this man!"

At these words the face of Sergius changed suddenly as if he had cast aside a hideous mask. His eyes were illumined by a strange fervor, and his mouth trembled.

"I have been a fiend!" he cried. "I have been possessed by a devil! Vera, my angel, you have cast it out. I loved you. I dared to love you, and it made me a fiend. I will die for you! Only say again that you cared for me, and I will go through flames straight into the jaws of death—into the mouth of hell for you!"

At that moment armed men burst in the doors, and all three were secured in a moment. Sergius was liberated as a spy, but the count was convicted; traitorous papers had been found in his trunk. He was condemned with his daughter to Siberia. In vain Sergius confessed his plot; there was no pardon, even after he stated that he had introduced the damaging papers among the count's effects. But when the exiles marched in line through the streets on their way to their living death, a man came out of the crowd and stood by Vera's side.

"I am going with you," he said, "and thus may I expiate my crime. Where you live, I will live. Where you die, I will die."

TERRAPIN.

George W. Peck, of the Milwaukee Sun, was in Baltimore recently, and thus describes his first interview with the terrapin: "You, my dear Christian friends, away up North, where mock turtle soup is an inspiration, and canned oysters a dish fit for Northern gods, do not know what terrapin and oysters are. A Southern god, that is, a Baltimore god, would no sooner touch mock turtle soup than he would touch crow. The people at Baltimore never tasted of an oyster that had been out of the shell more than a minute. Terrapin is an insect that resembles our land turtle of the North, in size, and in having a shell, but there the resemblance ceases. Terrapin is no more like mud turtle of the North than a soft shell crab is like a bed bug. Terrapin is dug out of two feet of mud at the bottom of Chesapeake bay, as I understand it, and is flavored like canvas back duck with patchouli sauce. Terrapin is protected by the game law, and it is a misdemeanor to cook one smaller than five inches long, and a man would be fined for violating the law as quick as he would for robbing a bank. The loyal Baltimorean is taught to believe that eating terrapin is a religious gastronomical duty, and his idea of heaven is one where terrapin and canvas back duck are as thick as three in the bed. A stranger who would deliberately say that he did not like terrapin, would be arrested on suspicion. I had never eaten any terrapin before, and really did not like it, but when the host talked about the insect, and how it was cooked, and what a delicacy it was, and how the intestines were cooked with it, and how the eggs of the terrapin were cooked too, and the feet, and the toe nails, and tail, and head, and how a little wine improved it, I said to myself, 'A man who does not like terrapin is a son-of-a-gun,'

The Transcript

W. SCOTT WAY, Editor & Proprietor.

\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

To Correspondents.—Communications on topics of local interest are always welcome, but to insure insertion they must be brief and to the point. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous articles will receive no attention. Address all communications to the Proprietor.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 20, 1882.

CALIFORNIA claims to have 750,000 tons of wheat in her granaries.

SECRETARY OF STATE WOLCOTT has in press an explanatory book of the school law of the State, which will be of great value to those interested. A thousand copies will be issued.

THE Georgetown Democrat appeared last week under a new and tasteful head, by which its appearance is much improved. By way, the Democrat promises to be a live local paper right along.

WANT of space prevents us this week from printing the many complimentary things the TRANSCRIPT's contemporaries have been saying about it on the occasion of its entrance upon its fifteenth year.

MARTIN HUGHES, who died recently at Hawley, Pa., at the age of ninety-four, had over \$100,000 insurance on his life in "graveyard" companies, and most of the policies were issued within the past six months.

THE Chestnut Transcript has passed into the hands of Mr. C. G. Woodall, who with the late Samuel Sullivan, successfully conducted it for several years. Mr. Woodall is well qualified to make the Transcript a readable and successful paper.

THE Guiteau trial will probably extend into next week. Scoville has been talking four days and shows surface indications of holding out three or four days longer. Some think he will talk till spring. The belief that the jury will disagree and the assassin go unchanged is gaining ground in Washington, as well as elsewhere.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS, like other misfortunes, seldom come singly. Since the Spuyten Duyvil calamity, Friday evening, three or four additional disasters by rail have been reported, in one of which near New Albany, Indiana, on Monday night, twenty-three persons were injured, three of whom are expected to die. Two of the cars caught fire from overturned stoves and for a time many of the passengers were in danger of burning to death.

THE Virginia Readjuster Legislature is greatly alarmed at the rapid increase of small-pox in Richmond, and as it cannot repudiate the pest it has decided to move itself to a more healthy situation. In the House, this week, a concurrent resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to confer with the authorities of Norfolk, Lynchburg and Alexandria, and ascertain what accommodations can be had in those cities for the Legislative sessions.

THE Wilmington Morning News appeared on Monday under new management, enlarged and improved. We should judge from a five days' acquaintance with it that it is enterprising hands. The price has been increased to two cents, which is cheap enough for it or any other enterprising daily of its size. No publisher who pays for the news he prints can afford to issue a paper for one cent per copy, unless he is blessed with an immense advertising patronage.

It is announced by the Wilmington Morning News that Mr. Crossdale, editor of Every Evening, has accepted the position of editor-in-chief of the Baltimore Gazette, which will soon pass into new hands. We shall sincerely regret Mr. Crossdale's retirement from the Peninsular journalistic field. In the Every Evening he has given Wilmington and the Peninsula a news paper in every sense of the term, and we know of no evening paper in the country that is more carefully and ably edited than it.

BALTIMORE's new daily, the Times, failed to appear on Sunday. Its originator started out with a grand array of promises which, as time soon showed, he was unable to make good, though the Times was a mighty newsy paper while it lived. Some of the best journalistic talent in the county was secured for its staff, and at big salaries, too. It seems to have been the policy of Mr. Hazleton to start the concern under a full head of steam and sit on the safety valve for a week, anyhow. Everything went along like lightning down a crab-apple-tree until the first week's salaries were due. Then there was trouble. Mr. Hazleton made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors and stepped down. Employees were paid and another week began, at the end of which somebody must have found out that a new daily paper not settled on its feet is the worst drains on a bank account ever invented by man.

THERE is no abatement in the terrible small-pox pest in Chicago, Pittsburg, Richmond and other cities and towns where it has been allowed to get beyond the control of the health authorities. Pittsburg is sorely stricken, the number of new cases amounting to from twenty to thirty per day, and the ravages of the disease in Richmond are such as to have alarmed the State Legislature, now in session, and put them to looking about for a more healthy location in which to continue their law making. In a great many cases small-pox, as well as other contagious diseases, are spread broadcast through communities by indiscretion and the funeral longings of some people to attend funerals and look upon the face of the corpse. In Wilmington, Ohio, a few days ago, a child died of what was supposed to be chicken-pox, and his funeral

was largely attended. Since then nearly sixty cases of virulent small-pox have developed in the town.

CORPORATION PARSIMONY.

The parsimony of great corporations has time and again resulted in catastrophe and human slaughter. A wealthy railroad company abandons a flag station at the dangerous Spuyten Duyvil cut, thus saving \$25 per month, and through neglect of the brakeman assigned the duty of signaling a train, approaching in the rear, one train dashes into another and ten or twelve people are crushed in the debris, or roasted to death by inches. Railroad employees and passengers stand by, powerless to help those plumed down by chafers, timbers and rubbish in the smoldering cars. There are no axes at hand by which the imprisoned can break out or by which those without can open a way for their relief. A river flows within a few feet, but there are no buckets by which water can be brought to stay the flames that are roasting human beings in sight of their friends. A few axes and buckets brought into action promptly after that terrible collision might have saved one-half the lives there sacrificed. It is a significant fact, in connection with this dreadful accident, that a bill was last winter brought before the New York Legislature requiring each passenger car running in the State to be furnished with an axe and saw, placed in a conspicuous place. This bill was killed in committee, and the chairman of that committee was a prominent railroad official, and in this Spuyten Duyvil accident was burned to death in one of his own palace cars. Had the bill which was smothered in the hands of his committee become a law, the expense caused by it to that rich corporation would not have exceeded a few thousand dollars.

Literary Gossip.

The publishers printed 135,000 copies of the Centennial Celebration of Daniel Webster's birth, W. C. Wilkinson, in the February Century, gives an impressive sketch of the "Great Expounder's" personality and his services to his country, and regrets what he deems the injustice done to Webster's fame by a wrong application of the motives of the speech which called forth Whittier's "Ichabod."

It is not generally known that the New York Title Club lately discovered the genuine and original sea-serpent. For the first time in history this natural wonder has been seen by persons qualified to make exact drawings of its appearance. Three artists of note (namely, Messrs. Gifford, Quartley, and Hopkinson Smith) will publish separate portraits of this famous creature in the Midwinter number of The Century Magazine.

Slaughter on the Rail.

A terrible disaster occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, within the limits of New York city, last Friday evening. The Centennial Express, which ran through from Albany with but few stoppages, bearing the city legislators to their homes and carrying numbers of people pursuing business and pleasure, was wrecked by the Centennial special; the two rear cars were smashed and set afire, and many of their occupants were either crushed to death at once or survived the shock only to perish in the flames. Although the passengers of the other cars escaped with little bodily harm and the dwellers in the neighborhood swarmed about, there was no applause at hand which could be used to subvert the flames of the unhappy occupants of the burning vehicles yielded up their lives almost in sight of scores of spectators and with the wail of the Harlem river, and a dozen yards away. The accident was caused by carelessness of the official whose duty it was to flag oncoming trains and display the danger signal. Though the right of an air brake on the Chicago express, which was behind time, had been stopped in the Spuyten Duyvil cut till the wheels could be examined, the usual train hand was sent back to signal an engine coming behind. But either through the neglect of his duty or through the oncoming engineer's failure to see him, the collision was precipitated without a moment's warning. The shrill whistle of "down brakes" had hardly reached the ears of the menaced passengers before the terrific crash came. In the wild excitement of the moment a frantic rush for the open air was made. Some were caught by the crashing timber and held as in a vise; some were scalded by the steam from the engine and sank down bewildered and overpowered; some tore themselves away from the ruin and reached the open air only to find the cars in flames and their less fortunate fellow travelers perishing behind them. Only after considerable delay axes were procured and an effort made to break into the blazing cars. But before a way to safety could be opened to them the hapless occupants were burned to a crisp. One of the victims was State Senator Webster Wagner, who was burned to a crisp in one of his own palace cars. Two other victims were Park Valentine and wife, of Bennington, Vt., who had been married on Thursday and were on their bride's journey. They saw down amid the flames and died in each others arms.

IT seems that Mahone's reputations in Virginia are not contented with running the political machinery of the State. They are now about to fasten their claws on the schools, and everything possible is to be made to strengthen Mahone's hold upon the State. The one consolation is that this man will soon find himself buried under his own shameless schemes.

There were reported in New York

last week 220 cases of scarlet fever, 197 of measles, 124 of diphtheria and 31 of small-pox. There are now 42 cases of small-pox in the little town of Port Jervis, New York. Typhoid fever continues nearly epidemic in Indianapolis, and it is very fatal. The members of the Senate Committee on Pensions are unanimously in favor of the bill granting about \$15,000 arrears of pensions to Mrs. Lincoln, and it is expected will take them to looking about for a more healthy location in which to continue their law making. In a great many cases small-pox, as well as other contagious diseases, are spread broadcast through communities by indiscretion and the funeral longings of some people to attend funerals and look upon the face of the corpse. In Wilmington, Ohio, a few days ago, a child died of what was supposed to be chicken-pox, and his funeral

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Sojourner Truth (who is a libel on her own name if she is not 103 years old) has just willed \$4,000 to her three daughters. This timely bequest will enable the three nursing, the oldest of whom has only wrestled with the perspiration of 87 summers, to worry along into girlhood without undergoing the humiliation of having to borrow any pap-spoons.—*Rome Sentinel.*

It is evident that a larger portion of our city people suffer from diseases of the liver, bowels, or kidneys. Kidney-Wort is nature's great remedy for them all. If you know such a person tell them that Kidney-Wort is a certain cure. Those who are not able to help him can now procure it in liquid form of any druggist. Equally effective in either form.—*Globe Democrat.*

In the U. S. Senate, Tuesday, Mr. Voorhees reported a bill appropriating \$1,500,000 to begin the erection of a building for the Congressional Library, and \$1,100,000 for the purchase of a site.

MAJOR CATICART, who was one of the principal members of General Fremont's expedition, which in 1848 made a winter journey across the plains to California, is dead in London.

UNHEALTHY or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism and a host of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters, if taken in time.

The House Committee on Appropriations has agreed to insert in the first Deficiency bill an item of \$35,000, asked by Professor Baird to aid in the propagation of white fish.

The total exports of domestic breadstuffs from the United States during 1881 were valued at \$224,118,500, against \$275,936,850 in the preceding year.

Ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, dropped dead of apoplexy in one of the streets of Worcester, in that State, Tuesday afternoon.

A NEW MOVE IN LOUISIANA.—The success which has attended the late close personal attention paid in the sole superintendence of the drawing of The Lottery of Letters, semi-annual, has resulted in a distribution of prizes amounting to \$1,000,000, having been distributed to the public in the monthly drawings, which take place on the first of each month.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET. CORRECTED WEEKLY BY ISAAC JONES, JR. WHEAT, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 60326 Timothy Seed, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 60326 Clover Seed, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 60326

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET. CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO. BUTTER, 1881-82, Cream, No. 10631 New Land, 1881-82, Cream, No. 10631 Potatoes, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 10631

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS. WHEAT, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 70671 Prime Red, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 70671 Timothy Seed, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 70671 Clover Seed, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 70671

BALTIMORE MARKETS. CORN, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 70671 OATS, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 70671 Southern, 1881-82, Yellow, No. 70671

Special Notices.

DEATH OF FIDA, mice, roaches, and ants; PAROSIS EXTERMINATOR. BARN, granaries and household clean in a single night. No fear of bad smells. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. Sold everywhere.

A SMOOT CONFECTIONERY can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. See Notice.

ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL.—We will send Dr. Dreyer's Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and old persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing special relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Without a cent. Address Voltaire Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. nov 18/81

New Advertisements.

PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will expose at Public Sale, at his residence, on the Levee, near Middletown, Del.

On THURSDAY, Feb. 22, 1882, At 10 o'clock Sharp.

The following Personal Property, to wit:

8 Head of Horses, Mules & Colts.

No. 1—John, Black Horse, 14 years old, of Bay Males, 10 years old, good brood mare, very gentle, good leader.

No. 2—Dolly, Bay Mare, 10 years old, good brood mare, very gentle, good leader.

No. 3—Charley, Bay Horse, coming 9 years old, one of the best and quickest of horses in the State, stands without hitching, not afraid of locomotive.

No. 4—Friday, Bay Horse, 10 years old, quick, good leader, good brood mare.

No. 5 and 6—Dave and Charley, pair of Bay Mules, 6 years old, not afraid of locomotive, will work anywhere, not afraid of fire.

No. 7 and 8—Pete and Polly, pair of Mules, 6 years old, not afraid of locomotive, will work anywhere, not afraid of fire.

No. 1—Mollie, Roan Cow 6 years old next spring.

No. 2—Annie, Red and White Cow, 6 years old next spring.

No. 3—Maggie, Red Cow, 6 years old next spring.

No. 4—Becky, Red and White Cow, 9 years old next spring.

No. 5—Amanda, Mixed White Cow, 4 years old next spring.

No. 6—Queen, Red Heifer, 2 years old last summer.

No. 7—White Mixed Heifer, 18 months old.

No. 8—Red Heifer, 3½ months old, fat.

The above cattle are from 3 to 15-16 short tons, of the best milking strain.

Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12 are grade Steers, 3 years old, sound and lively in harness.

No. 13—Fat Cow, 9 years old.

No. 14 and 15—Two Cows, with calf by Guernsey Bull, in profit in 10 months.

SHOATS.—Seven Shoats, 4 months old, Berkshire and Chester White, thoroughbred crossed.

ONE FAMILY CARRIAGE, as good as new, with top, and many other articles, used very little; also, one light horse, 10 years old, not afraid of locomotive.

Farming Implements, &c. One Champion Six-foot Anterior Cord Binding Harrow, as good as new; 1 Champion Six-foot Self-Scraper Reaper, in good order; 1 Champion Mower, in good order; 2 Farm Wagons, one heavy, nearly new; one light, 10 years old, but strong; one horse-drawn Wagon, new; 1 Peach Rod, with springs, good order; one Wagon, heavy, 10 years old; 10 Bales, 100 lbs. each, of No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, 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The Transcript

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 20, 1882.

A BOBBING ROMANCE.

A winter night, the moon shines bright, The stars look down with clear, cold light. A vast expanse of glittering ice, A coating all smooth and nice. A hooded maiden with scarlet mitts, A fur lined cloak, and her rubber "tips." A college youth in an ulster long, A polo cap, and a silver ring. A bob of latest manufacture, With rope and wood of finest texture. A maiden seated with much grace, An arm around her slender waist. A gentle push, a rapid glide, Safe to the bottom of the slide. A slippery walk up the hillside, A gentle scream, and a snowy fall. Another "bob," to the top of the hill, A crash, a plunge, a general spill. A monstache close to a scarlet cheek, A triumphant youth, a sudden shriek. A disregard of the wintry weather—"Say, shall we bob together?" A glance from the dewy eyes all wet—"If I were sure we would never upset!"

CHIPS.

Why all this absurd talk about a scarcity of ice next summer? Have we not Charles Francis Adams left to us, *Full River Advance*.

A good many of the young men of this city are natural sailors. At least we judge so from the eagerness with which they pilot schooners over the bar.—*Elmira Telegram*.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," but if the fellow happens to be feeling in our pocket for a roll of bills or stray coins, we don't feel kindly toward him.—*Kokuk Gate City*.

When a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet, she says: "Oh, how decidedly sweet. Its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room." A Kansas girl simply says: "It smells scrumptious; thanks, Reuben."—*Denver Tribune*.

A gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six years, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age: "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh yes," was the reply, "but not till after the funeral."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

New Yorkers meditate a new line of steamers which are to make the trip to Europe in six days. This is pretty quick ocean traveling, but, until a line is started that will beat a cable dispatch, America's defaulting bank cashiers will not feel safe.—*Norristown Herald*.

You never often meet men at the opera who never laugh while the performance is going on. They wait until the curtain goes down before they "smile," and then it effects them so much that they are compelled to go outside to get the "full" benefit of it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Ambitious Boy!" How is a good way to start a circus? Why, you just get a girl to write a love letter addressed to your father and put it in the old man's pocket where your ma'll find it, and there'll be circus enough to make happy the neighbors for two miles around.—*Boston Post*.

When an Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend: "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayers, as usual.—*Texas Siftings*.

Miss Fu Ah Ting, who was married the other day, in San Francisco, to Rev. Walter Ching Yung, the ceremony having been performed by Right Rev. Bishop Kip, wore over a robe of purple and black with a touch of gold thread, a peacock blue brocade satin tunic, lined with scarlet brocade, edged with stripes of yellow satin, and fastened with solid gold buttons. The head-dress of the flowers of her native country covered the back of the head; gold-embroidered slippers and a scarlet satin handkerchief completed the effect.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880. I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomium, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BANCROFT, M. D.

A DEVELOPING INDUSTRY.—The total acreage of sorghum land in the State of Kansas last year was 45,828 and the product 3,899,440 gallons of molasses. The value of the sorghum molasses produced in Kansas has increased from \$350,338 in 1874 to \$1,754,748 in 1881. The farmers and stockmen learn from experience that sorghum is better than rice corn for stock-feeding purposes. Cattle and sheep will eat the seed, blades and stock of sorghum cane, while only the seed of the rice corn is eaten. Nearly all the sheep of Southern Kansas are being fed on sorghum cane this winter. It is cut and cured the same as hay.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates make it a valuable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and operation, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and all experienced recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its healing effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all druggists.

Our Column.

(The W. C. T. U. meets at Presbyterian church on the first Wednesday of every month.)

EDITED BY W. C. T. U.

"There may be seen on Chestnut street," says the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, "a man dressed in faultless apparel, with a great diamond on his breast, vainly endeavoring to out-gitter the magnificent solitaire on his finger. In a German university he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knew it better. His business is the mixing and adulterating of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of deodorized alcohol and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug store bearing a large basket upon his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are weighed out to him. To raw liquor this imparts a smoothness and oleaginousness that gives to imitation brandy the gloss of that which is natural. An astringent catechu that would almost close the mouth of a glass instead, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine next called for, are quickly conveyed to his vest pocket, and a pound of white vitriol is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to liquid poisons are always kept in store. The mixer buys them from various quarters. They are staples of the art."

A BIBLE PUZZLE.—Add to the age of Abraham when he died the number of foxes Samson sent into the Philistines' corn; subtract the age of Joshua when he died; multiply the amount by the number of cords that the men of Judah bound Samson with, and add the number of men in Gideon's army who lapped water like a dog; divide the products by the number of kings that went to smite Gideon; add the number of years that David reigned; divide the total by the number of years that Solomon took to build the temple; subtract the number of years it took him to build his own house; subtract the number of days Lazarus had been dead when raised to life, and add the number of loaves Christ fed the 6,000 people with. The answer will be the value of a coin in cents.—*Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.'s Bulletin*.

PROFITABLE DUCKS.—The beautiful elder-duck ducks which abound in this cold latitude are a source of great revenue; and are the sole property of the inhabitants. They are protected by the laws of Norway, so that no stray sportsman is allowed to shoot them. I learned the mode of procuring the down, when the duck is about to lay, she plucks down from her own breast, the male plucks it from his, and they spread a thick lining of it all over the nest. When the nest is completed, the owner removes the down; the patient ducks fill it a second and third time, when it is removed; but the fourth time it is allowed to remain. Thus the women and girls find enough to employ themselves in attending to these thousands of nests, while the men and boys make and mend their nets and get fish for oil and curing.—*Norway Letter*.

SOUTH FLORIDA is receiving a large per cent. of the immigration which continues to flow into that State in an uninterrupted and by no means minute stream. Sanford, in Orange county, has grown from the little village of six dwellings and a post-office of six years ago, to a large and prosperous town with numerous fine business houses, elegant hotels and handsome private residences. Maitland and Orlando, in the same county, have in a few years grown into large and flourishing towns. Hundreds of orange groves relieve the monotony of the once unbroken forests of the pine. Thickly settled neighborhoods have sprung into existence on every side, and the howl of the wolf is replaced by the ringing of the settler's axe. These vast transformations have been accomplished, for the most part, in the last ten years.

SEVERAL species of native American birds are finding friends and purchasers across the Atlantic—in Germany, France, and even England. The nonpareil, for example, one of our very handsome birds, was sent over to Europe last year to the number of 3,500 by one single house. The cardinal, or Virginia nightingale, or Virginia red bird, is likewise making the grand tour. Over 5,000 of the cardinals were exported last year from the city of New York. The indigo, or American bluebird, is likewise on his travels abroad, while an American bobolink took the first prize in a world's fair in England. Even the Irish, a proverbially hard people to convince, have practically confessed that "although the Irish thrush is the best, the American brown thrush is just as good."

The aesthetic name for a salt codfish is—New Foundland vest pattern.—*Whitcomb Times*.

MANY people have lost their interest in politics and in amusements because they are so out of sorts and run down that they cannot enjoy anything. If such persons would only be wise enough to try that Celebrated Remedy, Kidney-Wort, and experience its tonic and renovating effects they would soon be hurrying with the loudest. In either dry or liquid form it is a perfect remedy for torpid liver, kidneys or bowels.—*Exchange*.

F. H. DRAKE'S SUFFERINGS.—F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease, which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after using every remedy known to him, he resolved (brought purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

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